*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till wee ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſonne *Slender*, my

*Slen.* I forſoothe, I haue ſpoke with her, and wee haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man meanes euill but the deuill, and we ſhall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.

*Exeunt.*

*Scœna Tertia.*

*Enter Miſ. Page, Miſ. Ford, Caius.*

*Miſt. Page.* Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly; goe before into the Parke; we two muſt goe together.

*Cai.* I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

*Miſt. Page.* Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter; But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

*Miſ. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fai-

ries?